NUMB. CCCXLIII.

The SPECTATOR.

——————Errat, & illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, & quoſlibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras noſter—— Pythag. ap. Ov.

Thurſday, April 3. 1712

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who loves to ſhew upon occaſion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yeſterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal ſaid for the Tranſmigration of Souls, and that the Eaſtern parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this Day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*, ſays he, gives us an account of ſeveral well-diſpoſed Mahometans that purchaſe the Freedom of any little Bird they ſee confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we ſhou'd do here by ranſoming any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at *Algiers*. You muſt know, ſays WILL. the reaſon is, becauſe they conſider every Animal as a Brother or a Siſter in diſguiſe, and therefore think themſelves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under ſuch mean Circumſtances. They'll tell you, ſays WILL. that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately paſſes into the Body of another Man, or ſome Brute, which he reſembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of *us*.

As I was wondring what this profuſion of Learning would end in, WILL. told us, that *Jack Freeman*, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love with one of thoſe Ladies who throw away all their Fondneſs upon Parrots, Monkeys and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Viſit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epiſtle upon this Hint. *Jack*, ſays he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he diverted himſelf for ſome time with her Favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows; 'till at length obſerving a Pen and Ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Miſtreſs in the Perſon of the Monkey, and upon her not coming down as ſoon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Buſineſs.

The Lady ſoon after coming into the Parlour, and ſeeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earneſtneſs, took it up, and to this Day is in ſome doubt, ſays WILL. whether it was written by *Jack*, or the Monkey.

Madam,

NOT having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making my ſelf known to you, and having at preſent the Conveniencies of Pen, Ink and Paper by me, I gladly take the Occaſion of giving you my Hiſtory in Writing, which I could not do by Word of Mouth. You muſt know, Madam, that about a thouſand Years ago I was an *Indian* Brachman, and verſed in all thoſe myſterious Secrets which your *European* Philoſopher, called *Pythagoras*, is ſaid to have learned from our Fraternity. I had ſo ingratiated my ſelf by my great Skill in the Occult Sciences with a Dæmon whom I uſed to converſe with, that he promiſed to grant me whatever I ſhould ask of him. I deſired that my Soul might never paſs into the Body of a Brute Creature; but this he told me was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd that into whatever Creature I ſhould chance to Tranſmigrate, I might ſtill retain my Memory, and be conſcious that I was the ſame Perſon who lived in different Animals. This he told me was within his Power, and accordingly promiſed on the Word of a Dæmon, that he would grant me what I deſired. From that time forth I lived ſo very unblameably, that I was made Preſident of a College of Brachmans; an Office which I diſcharged with great Integrity 'till the Day of my Death.

'I was then ſhuffled into another Human Body, and acted my part ſo very well in it, that I became firſt Miniſter to a Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great Honour for ſeveral Years, but by degrees loſt all the Innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to riſe and oppreſs the People to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I became ſo odious, that my Maſter, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, ſhot me through the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one Day addreſſing my ſelf to him at the head of his Army.

'Upon my next Remove I found my ſelf in the Woods, under the Shape of a Jack-call, and ſoon liſted my ſelf in the Service of a Lion. I uſed to yelp near his Den about Midnight, which was his time of rouzing and ſeeking after his Prey. He always followed me in the Rear, and when I had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or an Hare, after he had feaſted very plentifully upon it himſelf, would now and then throw me a Bone that was but half picked for my Encouragement; but upon my being unſucceſsful in two or three Chaces, he gave me ſuch a confounded gripe in his Anger, that I died of it.

'In my next Tranſmigration I was again ſet upon two Legs, and became an *Indian* Tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great Extravagancies, and being married to an expenſive Jade of a Wife, I ran ſo curſedly in Debt that I durſt not ſhew my Head. I could no ſooner ſtep out of my Houſe, but I was arreſted by ſome body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one Night in the Duſk of the Evening, I was taken up and hurried into a Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

'My Soul then entered into a flying-fiſh, and in that State led a moſt melancholy Life for the ſpace of Six Years. Several Fiſhes of Prey purſued me when I was in the Water, and if I betook my ſelf to my Wings it was ten to one but I had a Flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was one Day flying amidſt a Fleet of *Engliſh* Ships, I obſerved an huge Sea-Gull whetting his Bill and hovering juſt over my Head: Upon my dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth of a monſtrous Shark that ſwallowed me down in an Inſtant.

'I was ſome Years afterwards, to my great ſurpriſe, an eminent Banker in *Lombard-Street*, and remembring how I had formerly ſuffered for want of Mony, became ſo very ſordid and avaritious, that the whole Town cryed ſhame of me. I was a miſerable little ſold Fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner ſtarved my ſelf, and was nothing but Skin and Bone when I dyed.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed, to find my self dwindled into an Emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a Figure, and did not know but, some time or other, I might be reduced to a Mite, if I did not mend my Manners. I therefore applied my self, with great Diligence, to the Offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a Burden, by an unlucky Cock-sparrow that lived in the Neighbourhood, and had before made great Depredations upon our Common-wealth.

'I then bettered my Condition a little, and lived a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious Life I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations, I fell into the other Extream, and turned Drone. As I one Day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, we were received so warmly by the Swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the Spot.

'I might tell you of many other Transmigrations which I went through; how I was a Town-Rake, and afterwards did Penance in a Bay-Gelding for Ten Years; as also how I was a Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-Tit. In the last of these Shapes I was shot in the Christmas Hollydays by a young Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new Gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other Stages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau who made Love to you about Six Years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand Tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a Cold that he got under your Window one Night at a Serenade. I was that unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky Body, I found my self upon a Hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the *English* Factory, and sent over into *Great Britain*: I need not inform you how I came into your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a Chain; I am however very happy in this my Captivity, as you often bestow on me those Kisses and Caresses which I would have given the World for when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed Favours to

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,

Pugg.

P. S. I would advise your little Shock-dog to keep out of my way, for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my Rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a Snap as he wont like.

☞ *On Monday next the 7th of this Instant, will be Publish'd, and ready to be deliver'd to the Subscribers, by Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand.*

C. Julii Cæsaris quæ extant. Accuratissimè cum Libris Editis & MSS optimis Collata, Recognita & Correcta. Accesserunt Annotationes Samuelis Clarke, S. T. P. Item Indices Locorum, Rerumque & Verborum Utilissima. Tabulis Æneis Ornata.

At the same time and place will likewise be Publish'd,

☞ *Titi Lucretii Cari de Rerum Natura Libri Sex. Ad optimorum Exemplarium fidem recensiti. Accesserunt Variæ Lectiones, quæ in Libris MSS & Eruditorum Commentariis notatu dignores occurrunt.*

This Edition of Lucretius *is Printed in Quarto, with the same Letter and Paper, as* Horace, Virgil, Terence, Catullus, &c. *have been already Printed at Cambridge.*

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality,
For the Benefit of Mrs. Oldfield,
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Thursday, the 3d Day of April, will be presented a Play call'd, The Inconstant, or the Lieutenant. Written by Beaumont and Fletcher. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

For the Benefit of Signora Elizabetta Piloti Schiavonetti.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Saturday next, being the 5th of April, will be perform'd an Opera call'd Arsinoe. To which will be added, the famous Scene of Thetis, compos'd by Signor Scarlatti, and Sung by Signor Cavaliero Nicolino Grimaldi, Pit and Boxes to be put together, and no Person to be admitted without Tickets, which will be deliver'd out at the Theatre, at Mrs. White's Chocolate-house, and at St. James's Coffee-house, to Morrow and Saturday, at half a Guinea each. To begin exactly at six.

AT Punch's Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden, this present Thursday, will be presented an Opera call'd, The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man. With variety of surprizing Scenes and Machines, particularly the Scene of Paradise in its Primitive State, with Birds, Beasts, and all its Ancient Inhabitants. The Subtilty of the Serpent in betraying Adam and Eve, with several other Diverting Interludes, too many to be Inserted here. Beginning exactly at six. No Persons to be admitted with Masks, or Riding Hoods. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 1 s. 6 d. No Money to be return'd after the Curtain is Drawn up.

A Consort of Musick, Vocal and Instrumental, will be performed at Stationers Hall, on Friday the 4th of this Instant April, at Six of the Clock in the Evening; where Mr. Leveridge, and Mr. Ramondon will give an Entertainment of a new Song not ye published; and the Tickets delivered for Mr. Lawrence's Consort for the 3d and 6th of March last will be received.

At the Sign of the Golden Head in Channel-row in Westminster, on Wednesday the 26th of March last, was opened an Office for improving of Money; wherein the early Purchasers will receive great Advantages. Proposals at large may be had gratis at the Office aforesaid.

The most safe and profitable Sale of Numbers, Three Books were opened on Friday the 28 h of March last, at the Golden Crown the upper end of Bow-street, Covent-Garden, for the Advantage of all Purchasers, who will receive Cent. per Cent. for all the Monies they advance, as by Proposals to be had gratis at the place aforesaid will appear. Attendance is given from 8 in the Morning to 12, and from 2 to 8 at Night. Note, That Memorandums will be given out to make Payment in four Weeks.

Mr. Van Nost's Collection of Plaister Figures and Models, of Flemingo, Algard, John de Bellono, the old and young Quellins, abundance of Models of Monuments and Figures of Mr. Van Nost, and other Eminent Masters; it being a large and most extraordinary Collection, will be sold by Auction at his late Dwelling-House in Hide-Park Road, near the Queen's-Mead-House, where the Collection may be seen all this Week, and sold on Monday the 7th of April. The Sale will begin exactly at 4 in the Afternoon, and continue daily till all are sold, designing to sell 100 Lotts every Evening. After this Sale the fine Marble Figures and Busto's, curious Inlaid Marble Tables, Brass and Leaden Figures, very rich Vauses. N.B. For this Part of the Collection there will be Catalogues printed, and a low Price set to every thing, that the Widow may not run too great a Risque in things of this Consequence. The Pictures, Drawings, and Prints, will likewise be sold.

A Catalogue of part of the Library of that late eminent Surgeon, Thomas Hobbes, M. D. containing a choice Collection of many valuable and rare Books in Physick, Surgery, Philosophy and Philology, in Greek, Latin, French and English, of the best Editions, (several large Paper) most of the Classics in usum Delphini, of the Paris Edition, and several Variorums; for the most part curiously bound, filleted, gilt or letter'd. Which, with many more not here mentioned, will begin to be sold at very reasonable Rates (the Price being put in each Book) at the Rose Tavern without Temple Bar, on the 3d Instant, at 8 in the Morning. The Sale to continue two Days, and no longer. Catalogues are to be had of Mr. Stokoe against the Mewsgate; Mr. Brown at the Black Swan, and Mr. Mears at the Lamb without Temple-bar: Mr. Lewis in Russel-street, Covent Garden; Mr. Innys at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Strahan in Cornhil, Booksellers; and at the Place of Sale.

The Second Part of the Nation vindicated from the Aspersions cast on it, in a late Pamphlet, Entituled, A Representation of the Present State of Religion, with regard to the late excessive Growth of Infidelity, Heresie and Prophaneness, as it passed the Lower House of Convocation. With some Remarks on the Late Prosecution of the Irish Convocation. Printed for A. Baldwin at the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, pr. 6 d. Where may be had the First Part, price 6 d.

Mr. Paul Girard, at the 3 Flower de Luces, in Charing-Cross near Northumberland-House, hath lately received from a Friend of his in Italy, a small Quantity of very rich Distilled Waters, made by Trofeme Ribequi, Distiller to his Royal Highness the Duke of Savoy. Every Chest containing 24 Bottles (3 of which is a full Quart) and consists only of the 4 most Select Sorts (i. e. Jessemine, Orangier, Bergamot, and Perficot, they are all of a Spirit, and drawn off in the same manner as the Citron Water of Barbadoes, which they excel in every Quality, and may be seen every Day at the House of the said Mr. Paul Girard, and are sold by him in order for a quick Sale only at 3 Guineas per Chest. N. B. There hath been none of this in England, except in Presents, these 3 Years past.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in: as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.